

The Musical World.

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VOL. 35.—No. 51.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1857.

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 2. List of Musical Societies throughout the kingdom.
 3. Musical Transactions of the past year.
 4. The Names of Professors, Music-sellers, and Musical Instrument Manufacturers throughout the kingdom, with their Addresses, etc.
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MUSIC AND SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Having perused your journal very attentively since my late appeal to your judgment, which you were polite enough to print, and having failed to discover any allusion to the subject I endeavoured to direct your attention to, I presume it is one which you are unwilling to enter on, or deem it inconvenient to discuss at the present moment. Discreetly absorbing, and inwardly digesting the hint, and unwilling at the same time to lose so excellent an advantage as an *entrée* into your columns, I turned my thoughts to another subject, which being more germane to the especial object of the *Musical World* may prove more acceptable, and more fertile of result. On reading your very able, and it appeared to me very just, remarks referring to a late performance by an amateur society, I was led into a train of thought on the condition of music generally at the present time, the part it had played, and the part it might play as a social element and force in the future. The existence of the society which you mention, and of many similar associations for the performance of music, instrumental and vocal, which appear to be springing up in ever greater number and efficiency, seems to my mind to point to a very important ingredient in our national life, not to be left to grow up under any desultory and hap-hazard influences, which may retard indefinitely such rich fruits as lie in it potentially, or may even admit its perversion to evil tendencies, but to be, on the contrary, watched and nurtured, directed, utilised, and developed, by those who profess and cultivate musical art as well as by the legislator, the social philosopher, and the lover of human progress and enlightenment.

The history of mankind, from its mythic and traditional origin down to the present, abounds in instances of the power of music over the hearts and minds of men, and I should be opening the flood-gates of common-place, were I to attempt the least expatiation on this point. Let us, then, take it as an axiom, that music is a great lever in ethical mechanics; and it follows that, if we are in earnest as to our solicitude for the welfare of our fellow-creatures, such an instrument should not be neglected, or left to puny or unsteady hands as a useless toy, or even an instrument of mischief. I cannot but believe that powers so vast, so universal, and withal so homely, familiar, and within the reach of all, have in them a providential destiny for the development of the higher purposes of our creation, which it is well no individual, no nation, overlook.

When I consider that music—as the epigraph engraven on the front of your paper expresses—affords the highest and most perfect examples of pure art; that every man is born with a musical instrument which, as respects the element of expression, is the most perfect of all, and possesses a power of appreciating the effect of simple or combined musical sounds, even naturally and without education, to a degree which applies in no other art; when I further reflect how easy are the first rudiments of a musical training, and what invaluable habits and power of mind they inculcate and develop, rewarding every step of discipline with maternal generosity; when very little attention to the subject will show me all this, I am astounded that among the efforts that have been made, especially of latter days, to improve the condition of the people, it has never struck us what a stride might be made by presenting every individual born in the realm with that invaluable treasure, a musical education.

OLD TRUEPENNY.

MR. BARNUM UP AGAIN.—It is certainly with pleasure that we announce the probable fact that P. T. Barnum is again "on his legs"—that he is to-day a richer man than he was before his connection with the Jerome Clock Company. It is said that he has bought all the claims against him for from five to twenty-five cents on the dollar, with the exception of some 15,000 dollars held in and about Danbury, which he will probably have to pay in full. The whole of the vast property assigned by him for the benefit of his creditors has again passed into his hands, and he is now refurnishing and refitting "Iranistan" in good style for his future permanent residence. We have our information from what we deem to be reliable sources, and we feel confident that it will be fully confirmed in due time.—*American Paper*.

CHRISTMAS CHANT.

(FOR MUSIC.)

A MERRY CHRISTMAS! good old friend!
The season blest all graces send,
Thy lot for better still to mend—
The wish come true!
A swelling purse all scores to clear,
And heap thy board with best of cheer,
While round it beams each face most dear—
The same to you!
O d feuds old friends no longer part,
The scapegrace own compunction's smart,
And sue for peace a yearning heart—
The wish come true!
A soften'd grief for those no more,
Waft the keen blast glad tidings o'er
From lov'd ones on a distant shore—
The same to you!
A merry Christmas, fairest maid;
The mistletoe's all-hallowing shade
One love evoke that ne'er shall fade—
The wish come true!
A merry Christmas, youngster gay—
High frolics, feasting, and the play,
Make one long joy thy holiday—
The same to you.
Astrea, still to England staunch,
Greet Bacchus with the jolly paunch,
And wreath the vine with olive branch—
The wish come true!
A merry Christmas, all and each!
With loving deed love's lesson teach;
That all from Heaven may beseech
The same to you!
[These words are copyright.]

DOUBLE-GLOUCESTER VIEW OF MOZART.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The opinions, editorial or critical, of the *Gloucester Journal* must not be accepted as a standard of the taste of the inhabitants of the "fayre citey," by whom I believe that good classical music is understood and appreciated. I well remember the frequent quartet and septet meetings at the private residences of many amateurs—particularly at that of the late Rev. Dr. Evans, where I have heard *Elijah*, Beethoven's Mass in C, Mozart's Twelfth, *Acis and Galatea*, &c., given in their entirety, by an orchestra whose performance was most creditable, although mainly composed of amateurs.

When the Gloucester Philharmonic Society first started, their programmes consisted in a great part of quadrilles, waltzes, polkas, &c. Now, at each meeting two or three classical pieces are given, and I see the last scheme includes Beethoven's overture to *Fidelio*, two symphonies of Haydn, and the overture to *Semiramide*. What the execution may be, I cannot pretend to say, as it is some time since I attended their meetings, but have a vivid recollection that the playing then was "not quite beautiful." Had the *G. J.* remarks been confined to the manner in which the pieces were rendered, they might have been correct; but when the critic (!) attacks Mozart as "dismal," it was time to remonstrate.

As to the observations in the quotation which heads the *Musical World*, it could hardly be expected that a "party" who abuses Mozart should be able to understand or respect Goethe.

I am yours, &c.

Dec. 16th, 1857.

EX-CAER-GLOW.

LINCOLN.—(From a Correspondent).—The Choral Society gave their first grand concert for this season on Friday evening, the 11th, when Handel's *Messiah* was performed to a crowded audience. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland (soprano), Mr. Mason (alto), Mr. Barraclough (tenor), and Mr. Lambert (bass). Pianoforte, Mr. W. Young; leader, Mr. J. Allan; and conductor, Mr. G. Taylor.

FERDINAND HILLER'S SAUL.*

NEXT Tuesday, the 15th December, a new oratorio, by Ferdinand Hiller, will be produced at the second Gesellschafts Concert, in the Gürzenich Saal. We give a short sketch of the text, for the better understanding of the action and the situations, as well as of the musical conception and treatment of them.

The action commences with a joyous chorus of victory of the children of Israel, after the overthrow of Goliath. With increasing discontent, the king, Saul, hears the song: "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his tens of thousands." The ingratitude of the people towards him, and their praise of David, irritate him violently, and, when he perceives even his daughter, Michal, advancing at the head of the women, in honour of the shepherd boy, he exclaims:—

"Vergessen ihren König hat die Menge,
Vergessen seinen Vater hat das Kind;
Nur David's namen feiern die Gesänge,
Mein Ruhm zerfließt wie Nebel vor dem Wind."†

The procession of women draws near. Saul avoids it. Michal praises the youthful hero's deed, and crowns him; her brother Jonathan and the crowd of women take part in her song, in which, at last, the entire chorus of the people join.

David bows down in humbleness before the Lord:

"So wie der Sturm ein Blatt nach oben
Fortreisset aus dem Laube,
So hast du mich emporgehoben;
Ich lieg' vor dir im Staube."‡

He refuses the laurel wreath, and yearns for the quiet happiness of home, the song of his harp, and his father's herds.

The king now reappears; his insulted pride causes him to boil with anger. But David's humble spirit and pleasing voice "sound consolingly and mild, and the tear starts from his eye." In the midst of the soft low song of David, Michal and her women, he falls into a slumber.

Suddenly, however, he starts up out of a horrible dream: the chorus exclaim: "Woe!"

"Die Geister der Nacht,
Sind neu erwacht."§

With wild rage Saul addresses himself to David, "the saucy knave who has decked himself out in his splendour," and hurls his lance at him. The Lord protects David; Saul's strength totally fails him, and, in full chorus, the people thank God the Saviour.

Here ends the first section of the action. In the following one, Samuel appears, and, with a voice of thunder, announces the anger of Jehovah, "who has rejected Saul, the king, because he has rejected the word of the Lord!" The company of prophets repeat Samuel's last words, and the people tremble at the fearful sentence of the Lord. But Michal and Jonathan restore courage and confidence in the Lord to their father's heart. Saul nerves himself like a king, and the people pray to God "to let the clouds of anger pass away from the prince once selected by himself."

This concludes the first part of the oratorio.

The second part introduces us to David's native valley, where Jesse, with his sons and servants, is tending his flocks. A chorus of shepherds opens the scene. Samuel appears with his company of prophets, announces the commands of God, and anoints David as king. David and his friends bow to the will of the Lord, and, when Samuel orders the Anointed One to flee from the approach of Samuel and his hosts into the desert, "all throw away their shepherd's crooks, seize their shields and weapons," and accompany David.

Alone and deserted in the royal palace, Michal expresses her love for David, and her yearning for his return.

* Translated from the *Kölnische Zeitung*.

† The mass have forgotten their king, and the child has forgotten her father. David's name alone is celebrated in their songs; my fame vanishes like vapour before the wind.

‡ As the storm snatches upwards, from out the foliage, a leaf, so hast thou raised me; I lie before thee in the dust.

§ The spirits of night are newly roused.

The city of Nob affords the fugitives a resting place. Saul's warriors approach with a wild chorus; Saul curses the city and dedicates it to destruction; murder of the priests and the sacred community, who "die praying," and praising the Lord. Saul then commands his followers to pursue David, "to scatter his dust to the air, and his bones to the beasts of the field."

But he orders them first to devote an hour to repose. The warriors lie down to sleep, and the king himself yearns for the song of the young shepherd who "once pacified by his strains the evil spirits that flitted around his head." He then gradually falls into a deep sleep.

David and his armed followers now approach; in a low chorus they call him and point to the sleeping warriors and the king himself, whom "God has delivered into his hands." He, however, ordering them to retire, calls to the king. "Saul, awake!" and shows him the skirt he has cut from his robe. Saul recognises the voice of his harper; his heart overflows, and the entire chorus exclaim, "See, they both weep! Put your swords in their scabbards," ending with—

"O, wie schön und lieblich ist es
Wenn in Eintracht Herrscher wohnen:
Gleich dem Balsam, gleich dem Thau
Ist der Friede auf den Thronen."*

The scene changes. Jonathan announces to his sister Michal the reconciliation of the two and their return, as well as her approaching marriage with David. The festive marriage procession already approaches with a merry song, and Saul unites the lovers. But he is not free from some melancholy presentiment, and scarcely have the joyous sounds ceased, when the company of prophets appear and announce Samuel's death. "Woe! oh, gloomy news!" exclaim the people.

"Ein Stab ist gebrochen—
Ein Stamm verdorrt,
Ein Fels verwittert."†

But these mournful tidings are not all; a fresh army of Philistines has invaded the country. The king calls on his people to go out to battle.

The excited multitude answer by a hymn to Jehovah:

"Erhaben, einsam, thronest du,
Hinter Wolken in heiliger Ruh"—‡

the prayer, "Render us strong," and the fiery war-song, "Strike them down with a strong hand!" "Arise, for thou art the Lord for ever and ever!"

Here ends the second part.

The third part shows us Saul at Endor. It is night. Tortured by a sentiment of his fate, he requests the witch of Endor to raise up Samuel's spirit. Samuel appears, and foretells Saul's speedy destruction. Day breaks: the women of Endor greet the morning, and Saul, who, they hope, will save them. The chorus of warriors summon their leader, but Saul is weary, worn out, and tired of life. The witch of Endor gives him strengthening food, and the chorus repeat their summons: "Appear in thy power!"

Saul arises:

"Noch einmal in Pracht
Durchzieh, ich die Schlacht,
Und kann "ich den Rathschluss Jehovah's nicht wenden,
So will ich als Held und als König enden."§

The battle commences: the chorus of women, who are looking on from a neighbouring height, describe the fierce struggle: horror and prayer alternate; Israel is overcome. All prepare for flight. Saul, beaten and abandoned, exclaims:

"Meine Söhne sterben,
Mich hat Gott verlassen!"||

And falls on his sword.

* "Oh! how beautiful and pleasing is it when princes live in concord; peace on thrones is like to balsam and to dew."

† "A staff is broken; a stem withered up; a rock shattered."

‡ "Lofty and solitary dost thou set enthroned, behind clouds, in holy repose."

§ "Once more in my magnificence will I go through the battle, and if I cannot turn the decision of Jehovah, I will die as a hero and a King."

|| "My sons die, God has forsaken me."

In the last scene, a messenger announces to Michal the death of Saul and Jonathan. Dead-march, Michal's song of lament, and mourning-chorus of her women. David's lament for Saul and Jonathan. Michal arises and greets David first as "Lord and King, as protector and saviour." The people kneel before him, and David, and the children of Israel, "praise the Lord, and magnify his name."

Such is the substance of the book, which, as the reader perceives, is rich in moving scenes, with well contrasted situations, and lyrical passages. We refrain from any critical consideration of it, at present, especially as we must first hear, in the full and complete connection of poetry and music, how it has been developed under the masterly hand of the composer into a work of musical art.

DRUMS.

(Concluded from page 801.)

ORCHESTRAL drums have come into great use. Besides what may be considered as the regular orchestral drums—a pair of kettle-drums, tuned to the tonic and dominant of the principal key of the composition performed, some modern composers have introduced the military side drum, and also its more portly companion, drum major. In the late grand gathering at Sydenham, a drum of monstrous calibre, drum *maximum*, was used; no doubt with *striking* effect!

But, besides this, kettle-drums have multiplied in number. One pair would not suffice; a bold experimenter brought in a *third* drum. Then came two pairs.

Mr. Hector Berlioz is great upon this subject. He goes beyond everybody. He proposes a still further increase of the number of drums, and, to enable a *roll* to be played upon each one of them at discretion, or upon all of them together, as well as for the purpose of producing *drum chords* in considerable variety, he thinks it expedient, not to assign a couple of drums to a single performer, but occasionally to have nearly as many *drummers* as drums.

Hear him speak for himself:

"It is in order thus to obtain a certain number of chords in three, four, and five parts, more or less doubled, and moreover a striking effect of very close rolls, that I have employed in my grand requiem mass eight pairs of drums tuned in different ways, and ten drum players."

With sixteen drums and twenty drumsticks, the "striking effect," as he calls it, must have been *very* decided. But besides all these, there are set down in the score two other drums, "long" drums, each of them to have its separate player and a pair of drumsticks. The tympanological product must be astounding.

But in this bold age, drumming cannot be permitted long to remain in such a comparatively backward condition. The ice being once broken, what hinders any person stricken with *tympanomania* from getting together a complete orchestra of drums? Five hundred kettle-drums,—treble drums (why not?), alto drums, tenor drums, bass drums, and double-bass drums; with a strong reinforcement of side drums, and long drums in proportion, to strengthen the *forte* passages, might make an extraordinary effect as an accompaniment to some stentorian vocalist, some double-throated Lablache, in Haydn's grand song, "Rolling in foaming billows." In comparison with such an array, the muster of drums in "MY grand requiem mass," would sink into utter insignificance!

Further discussion about drums is needless, although some of the drum tribe have not passed under our review; such as the drums used in machine shops, upon which straps of various degrees of strength are perpetually performing *running passages*; and *stove* drums, filled with heated *airs*, much to the solace, in cold weather, of many a poor half-frozen musician. But we forbear, and can only give a passing glance at Butler's

"Pulpit drum ecclesiastic,
Beat with a *flit* instead of a stick."

Pulpit drummers, however, have, in these days, become rather rare.

C. M. VON WEBER'S EURYANTHE.*

(Concluded from page 792.)

THE first representation of *Euryanthe* took place on the 10th of October, 1823, at Vienna, under Weber's direction. He wrote on the 15th of the same month to G. Weber:—

"The effect which this opera produces was exactly what I had thought it would be. My extravagant friends shook hands on this occasion with my enemies, for they ridiculously expected that *Euryanthe* would attract the masses, as *Der Freischütz* did. How absurd! As if, *sans comparaison*, an *Iphigenia* or a *Don Carlos* were ever attractive pieces. The first three performances, which I directed in Vienna, were really received with incredible enthusiasm; the same is true of the fourth, which I heard from the corner of a box, and I was again called for three times, making fourteen times altogether. Up to the twelfth performance the success has been always the same, the house being tolerably attended. Thus far do my accounts extend. * * * has behaved, in his capacity of critic, like a downright blackguard. He wrote in his own paper, in the *Möden-Zeitung*, and in the *Sammter*, and tried to drop me as much as he could; he has not even hesitated to indulge in evident lies, or to employ artful silence to make out the success of the opera as doubtful. We must be prepared for envy. The proofs of respect voluntarily manifested towards me by all really good artists, have more than compensated me for this."

Again, on the 11th October, 1824, he says:—

"I know that you expect great things from art; that you want truth; that you have the strength to discover and recognise it, and that, although in some degree swayed by your friendship, you are, on that very account, all the more strict. You are honest; you understand the subject; what can we wish more? Do not, however, succumb to a weakness which sticks to us Germans, namely, the dread lest people should think we are partial to German productions, and do not properly acknowledge those of foreigners, from a kind of stiff pedantry which is said to stick to learned Germans. In order to avoid this reproach, we do all we can to pass over, or look down with indifference upon German productions, while we employ all our penetration to excuse, elevate and praise foreign efforts. I must again refer to the pleasure you caused me by your opinion on *Euryanthe*. The opera is still given here in Dresden to overflowing houses and an equal amount of enthusiasm. But, in Heaven's name, tell me whence you got your fearfully virtuous notions? You are wrong. What would Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and a hundred other works be? I have been in a very low state, but I have stopt six weeks in Marienbad, and feel much relieved, although my fatal cough and the rush of blood to the head return with autumn.—Meyerbeer spent a whole day with me. Your ears must have tingled. It was a very happy day, in recollection of the grand times at Mannheim. To raise our spirits still more, I had a letter from Gänsbacher, who announced that he was at last certain of being appointed chapelmaster to the cathedral of St. Stephen at Vienna, and was shortly going to be married. It was not until late at night that we separated. Meyerbeer proceeds to Trieste, to superintend the *mise-en-scène* of his *Crociato*, and then to Naples, to write a new opera for the carnival. He thinks of returning to Berlin in a year's time, and of stopping there a considerable period; perhaps, even of writing a German opera. I must likewise inform you that I am writing an opera for Covent Garden Theatre, and go to London in March or April, to produce it; that I go by way of Paris, and hope to have a meeting with you in Frankfurt, where we will lock ourselves up and talk away for a whole day."

A letter containing an account of a long illness of his friend gave Weber a very great shock. In a letter of the 8th April, 1825, he says—

"I cannot describe to you with what fearful force the idea caught hold of me that I had lost you, during this accidental period of silence. What a transient, fragile thing is man, and how closely ought those friends who appreciate each other to cling together, and endeavour to procure one another joy during this short span of time! When we reflect what unimportant worthless trifles can really prevent us from doing this, we feel as if we could trample them under foot, and forget the moderation imposed on us by the world. I, too, have kept my room six weeks, for a hoarseness, which has often ended in a total loss of voice, with a convulsive cough. It is entirely painless and confined to the throat. My physician, however, treated it as earnestly as though it might end in trachean consumption. You will understand how this disease prevents me from doing anything. Well, as God wills!"

* Translated from the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

The disease increased. In June, 1825, Weber wrote as follows:—

"The doctors send me away. On the 3rd July I set out for Ems. God grant that I may be cured from this throat disease, which causes me such anxiety. Last year they sent the lower, and, this year, they send the upper part of my body to take the waters. I hope, at least they will not send the whole of it, for some little time, into the grave."

On his return he visited Gottfried Weber in Darmstadt. He wrote to him from Dresden, on the 4th September, 1825:—

"I was only too happy at your house. A couple of quiet days like those, when one is not obliged to be constantly caring for and peeping at the outer world, come too rarely, when one can give full vent to his feelings without fearing he will be misunderstood; and although you are sometimes a fearfully stupid fellow—you know to what I allude—you are a true-hearted fellow, and, what is more, a true-hearted friend. My journey was a happy one in every respect, and I arrived here in Dresden on the 1st September, and found every one well and jolly, but also a heap of work. I likewise found an invitation, with the royal approbation, from Count Brühl, to direct in person *Euryanthe* at Berlin, in October. However agreeable this may be to me in all other respects, it disturbs me very much in my *Oberon* business."

Euryanthe was not successful in Darmstadt. Weber wrote, as subjoined, to Gottfried on the subject:

"As I conclude, *Euryanthe* has displeased in Darmstadt, for to suppose you should be so absent as to say nothing of the performance itself, but merely to speak of its non-repetition, would be rather too much of a good thing. Well, a non-success at Darmstadt can be cured by two such successes as those at Berlin and Munich."

In conclusion, let us add a few words of C. M. von Weber on a performance of Haydn's *Creation*, under his direction, in Dresden:

"What a magnificent work! what freshness! what youthful warmth, deep study and lofty mastery. How empty and insignificantly, in comparison, do my productions kick about the world! the performance went off admirably; I may say, perfectly, and I had the grand feeling of being able to express myself as completely with my orchestra as if I were sitting at the piano, and able to play just as I liked."

[May not this very extravagant judgment of Haydn's oratorio be regarded as a sign, among others, of a certain undefinable want in Weber's idiosyncrasy which prevented him from becoming absolutely great?—Ed. M. W.]

PARIS.—Next to the first performance of a part of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, which we have alluded to in another place, the production of M. Ambroise Thomas's new opera *Le Carnaval de Venise*, at the Opéra-Comique, has been the musical event of the week. It had a great success the first night; the Emperor and Empress were present; and Madame Marie Cabel, who sustained the principal character, achieved one of her most complete triumphs. The execution of an air without words, imitating a "concerto (!) for the violin," as we are informed, was a prodigy of vocalisation. M. Sauvage is the author of the book. Auber's *Fiancée*—one of the composer's earliest and most spiritual works—is in rehearsal.—The Festival given at the Opéra was so successful, that the administration has decided that sacred concerts, as formerly, shall take place in Holy Week.—Madame Ferraris has returned to Paris, and re-appeared in the *Cheval de Bronze*.—At the Théâtre-Italien, Rossini's *Italiana in Algeri* has been produced, with Alboni in the principal character, supported by Signors Belart, Corsi, and Zucchini. Mercadante's *Il Giuramento* was in rehearsal, but has been withdrawn in consequence of M. Victor Hugo objecting to its production, the subject being identical with that of his drama, *Angelo; ou, le Tyran de Padoue*. The right of performance by "prescription" cannot be enforced. *Il Giuramento* never having been represented in France.—Rossini's *Il Bruchino* is still in preparation at the Bouffes Parisiens. The manager is as anxious about this youthful production as if it were *Comte Ory* or *Cenerentola*—at least, so say the parties most interested, in whom we put not much faith.

Dr. MARK and his young pupils have been giving his concerts at Sunderland with great success.

MILAN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MEDIOCRITY, and less than mediocrity, are still the general features of the musical world in Italy. The second Imperial Theatre here (the Canobbiana) has just completed its autumn season, and a weary season it has been. *L'Ultimi Giorni di Suli*, *Il Domino Nero*, *Ernani*, and *Roberto il Diavolo*, have been the operas most performed. In these, Signora Fanny Gordosa (better known in England as Fanny Botibol, of the Royal Academy of Music) was *prima donna*. This lady, who made her *début* at the Scala about ten years ago, has been more or less successful at several of the principal theatres of Italy, and now returns to Milan with a voice impaired, and a style but little qualified to maintain her in the position to which she aspires. She has, however, on the whole, been favourably received. The other singers are of "no mark or likelihood." A Signora Briol was announced as Protagonista in *La Straniera*, which Mad. Lalande used to sing so well; but on the first evening the lady had only uttered a few notes, when down came a burst of disapprobation, upon which she addressed the audience, exclaiming, "I am ill, I have been forced to come here to sing!" With this, on rushed the manager, and a disgraceful scene ensued, which ended by dropping the curtain, and an offer to return the money. Next came the long-promised "novelty"—a new opera by a very young composer (not yet eighteen), a Sig. Benvenuti—entitled *Adriana*. The plot is founded on the story of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, and the libretto, by Leone Fortis, the best Italian dramatic writer of the present day. It possesses, however, the fault of all his writings—being too long. Imagine the libretto of an opera extending over seventy-two pages! This of course added to the difficulty of the composer's task, and the fate of *Adriana* may be summed up as an unmistakable fiasco. It is nevertheless to be hoped that, as in the opinion of judges, there were "angels visits" of considerable promise, young Benvenuti will not be deterred by the failure of his maiden effort, from pursuing his career in an art of which the present period begets so few talented professors.

The Scala, after being twelve months in the market, has just been leased to the brothers Marzi for seven years, with an annual government "subscription" of 250,000 lire, about £8,000 sterling, which includes the allowance for maintaining the "Scuola dell Ballo," attached to the establishment. The theatre opens on the 26th with *Giovanni di Gusman*, to be followed by a new opera by Petrella, the subject from *The Last Days of Pompeii*. The *prima donna* will be Madame Albertini, and the tenor, Signor Negriui.

With reference to English artists in Italy, I am pleased to record the continued and increasing success of Mr. Swift, the tenor, who has just completed his autumn engagement at the Teatro Municipale, at Alessandria in Piedmont, where he has been received with the most flattering applause. He is secured by the Impresario Merelli (than whom few are better judges) for the Carnival at the Grand Theatre of Bergamo. Of the whereabouts of the other English artists I will send you an account for the information of their friends, as soon as the engagements for the Carnival are completed.

P.S. A "sample parcel" (as the commercial men say) of the article mentioned at the commencement of my letter was forwarded from this place to London, consigned to a speculative firm in the neighbourhood of St. James's. It is rumoured, that the "agent" here, who was about to "pack up" another parcel, has just received a "Telegram" as follows:—"Don't send any more DOWLAS. The article hangs on hand"!!!

Yon, Mr. Editor, probably know better than myself what this means.

BANKRUPTCY AND BOOBYISM.

(From the "Puppet-Show.")

WE read in the *Musical World* that at Hamburg a couple of Italian Opera singers have made such a sensation, that in one evening the audience called them before the curtain thirty times. Is it wonderful that Hamburg should at this moment be in commercial ruin, when its affairs are in the hands of such fools?

FIDELIO AT BERLIN.

(From the *Neue Wiener Musik-Zeitung*.)

Fidelio was performed the other day. It was many months since I had heard this lofty work, which moves the heart in its deepest depths. Thus to its old power over me (a power which will never die out), was added the charm of a fresh impression. It was a vivifying boon for heart and soul, an elevating fact, for which we can never thank the master sufficiently. May these prefatory observations prove that I have fulfilled the duty of, at least, alluding to him. The excellent and really inspired performance, also, had a large share in the boon conferred. We will begin with the orchestra, which, even in the first overture, showed how deeply and vividly our artists appreciate the work, and, in the second, that to *Leonora*, afforded one of the most brilliant examples of technical *bravura* by a large number of performers. Throughout the opera, the orchestra remained on the same high level; careful, supple, and enthusiastic. The chorus, too, was never more masterly. The scene of the prisoners, which had been studied with extraordinary diligence, once more excited the deepest sympathy. To have brought such a work to such an *ensemble* of execution, is a merit for which the fullest recognition is due to Herr Taubert, the director. We were, however, very nearly being deprived of our high treat. Madlle. Trietsch, Marcellina, was taken ill.

"— Da wandte man die Augen
Auf mich, den Retter in der Noth."*

This *mich* (me) was, who can doubt, Mad. Herrnburger-Tuczeck. She undertook to undertake the part. She sang it without any previous rehearsal, and sang it admirably too. It is utterly impossible that a fair artist, who suddenly enters on a part, which is tolerably extensive and not easy, and which she has not sung for years, can attack every passage with such unerring certainty as if she had played the character uninterruptedly; and yet with what charming freshness Mad. Tuczeck began the very first duet, how clearly and purely she sang her merry air, and what life, by her easy play, and her joyous, beautiful vocal expression, she threw into the indescribably magnificent concerted pieces which fill the first act, into the quartet "Mir ist so wunderbar," the trio "Gut, Söhnchen, gut," and even the finale of the act. Let us, therefore, doubly thank her—namely, not only for her aid, by which she saved, for that evening, the work, but for her execution, which embellished it. We prophesy that the theatre will some day erect a statue to her, as Leucothea, for saving the establishment on every occasion, from shipwreck. Herr Formes sang the part of Florestan, which he undertook last year. The air at the beginning of the second act is an impossibility, since in its *allegro* it is not to be reconciled with the character and the situation.† It is, moreover, almost an impossibility for the mere material execution. These contradictions with regard to the drama and technical skill do not, however, prevent it, as a *purely musical composition*, from reflecting a ray of that genius from whose inward heart it sprang. But it cannot serve as a standard by which to measure the efforts of a singer in the part. The artist of whom we are speaking overcame a great deal successfully, and exerted himself very laudably. Everything, perhaps, cannot be overcome, but, in our opinion, the artist would achieve still more than he achieves at present, if he did not wish to do too much. At any rate such a terrible forcing of the voice, injurious generally to the beauty of the part, is inadmissible, not to mention the hurtful results which will eventually ensue from it. With regard to the rest of the act, we were indebted to the artist for much that was good and beautiful; the same is true of his acting and dialogue, to which latter, in a manner deserving of great praise, he successfully devotes himself seriously and warmly. At the head of the whole performance stands our fair dramatic vocalist, Mad. Köster, whom we cannot value too highly. Her *Leonore* is so penetrated with genuine feeling, rising to the highest degree of warmth, so inspired with loving-

* "Then were all eyes turned on me, to save them in the hour of need."

† There is nothing in *Fidelio* more true to the dramatic situation than this *allegro*.—Ed.

ness, that she always keeps our souls oscillating between emotion and enthusiasm. She is always an artist of progress, that is of her own, of perfection in herself; more and more does she smooth down what in former times was still uneven, rough, or perhaps repulsive, by means of greater delicacy of technical execution, and a purer sentiment for true artistic principle. The higher her task, the more do her inward and outward qualifications for accomplishing it rise.

"Es wächst der Mensch mit seinen grössern Zwecken."*

She is, also, so unfortunately placed, that her fine powers and energies are almost entirely employed on the noblest productions of art, productions which, standing purely elevated, presuppose a pure and a higher goal. Iphigenia, Armida, Alceste, Donna Anna, *Fidelio*, and many others of the loftiest creations of dramatic music, constitute the sphere in which she moves; it is a sure piece of good fortune, which cannot be too highly valued, to appear in almost no other, but Mad. Köster appreciates this, and, therefore, her good fortune is merited.

L. RELLSTAB.

* "Man grows with the greatness of his aims."

LINCOLN'S-INN CHAPEL.—Mr. Lambert, principal bass at York Cathedral, has been appointed in the choir of the above chapel.

MANCHESTER.—(From a Correspondent).—The concert of the Classical Chamber Music Society was scarcely as good as its precursor, that is with regard to the selection. It commenced with a trio by Pixis (in E flat, Op. 118), which was presented for the first, and it may be hoped the last time in Manchester. The other trio was Beethoven's imaginative and occasionally eccentric D major, the finale in which is like a big brother of the finale in the solo sonata, Op. 10, same key. The violin sonata in A, No. 2 of Op. 12, was also given for the first time. M. Hallé played grandly in all these pieces, so grandly that it was a pity to find him striving against such flat common-place as the music of Pixis. M. Sainton was violin, and M. Paque violoncello. M. Sainton is always heard to eminent advantage in good music, and M. Paque improves. Nevertheless the solo of the latter (*Souvenir de Spa*, by Servais) was anything but "classical." M. Hallé ended the concert with two of those quaint and somewhat tormented bagatelles of Chopin, entitled *Valsees*, which were well contrasted, the one in A flat being as merry as the one in A minor is melancholy.

The concert of Saturday night, in the Free-trade Hall, on the occasion of Madame Gassier's second concert, was attended by a greater audience than that of Thursday. The main interest centred in the *bénéficiaire*, who is about to leave England. Madame Gassier's short career in England has been a continued popularity. She came to this country in 1855, and, with her husband, first appeared at Drury Lane Theatre, and turned the tide of its prosperity. After a brilliant tour with Grisi and Mario, Madame Gassier entered into an engagement with M. Jullien, who had a very prosperous season with her both in London and the provinces. In Holland and in Belgium her triumphs were equally great. Another tour was completed in company with Grisi, Mario, and Alboni, throughout England, Ireland, and Scotland; and now Madame Gassier is leaving us for an engagement at Rome during the period of the Carnival, and, probably, may reach Naples, Milan, and Madrid before she is heard again in this country. We are happy to think that she has paid this musical city a parting visit. Nowhere has she sung to more critical ears, and it is a question if in any locality success has been more complete, or applause more heartily bestowed. Last evening, the reception of Madame Gassier by an audience which numbered between 2,000 and 3,000 people was enthusiastic in the extreme, and all the leading songs she gave were encored.

IBID.—The Monday evening concerts have been well attended. Mr. Walter Montgomery recited on Monday week Hood's "Eugene Aram," and Horace Smith's "Address to a Mummy." The vocalists were Miss Armstrong, Miss Heywood, Mrs. Brook, and Mr. Champion. The Brounli Family have been very successful at the Free Trade Hall, assisted by the promising Miss Jefferys as vocalist.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR CHARLES KEAN.

MONDAY and TUESDAY will be presented Shakspeare's tragedy of **KING RICHARD THE SECOND**. Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the Theatre will be **CLOSED**. Saturday, **THE CORSICAN BROTHERS**. After which will be produced a new, grand, comic, Christmas Pantomime, entitled **HARLEQUIN WHITE CAT**; or, **The Princess Blanche Flower and Her Fairy Godmothers**. Harlequin, Mr. Gormack; Clown, Mr. Huline; Pantaloon, Mr. Paulo; and Columbine, Miss C. Adams.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—The public is respectfully informed that the play of **RICHARD THE SECOND** will shortly be withdrawn, and **WILL NOT BE AGAIN REPRESENTED** in this Theatre, with the exception of a few nights towards the expiration of Mr. C. Kean's period of management. It will be repeated on Monday and Tuesday next.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—PROFESSOR WILJALBA FRIKELL—TWO HOURS OF ILLUSIONS. PHYSICAL AND NATURAL MAGIC, without the aid of any Apparatus. Saturday afternoons at 3, and every evening at 8 (except Thursday and Friday, December 24th and 25th). Stalls, 6s; Balcony Stalls, 4s. Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Private Boxes, Two Guineas, One Guinea and a-half, and One Guinea. Places to be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—This evening, **THE GREEN BUSHES**. To conclude with **THE DRAPERY QUESTION**; OR, **WHO'S FOR INDIA?** Commence at 7.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This evening, the performance will commence with **WHAT WILL THEY SAY AT BROMPTON?** After which the new comedy, **LEADING STRINGS**. To conclude with **BOOTS AT THE SWAN**. Commence at half-past 7.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE. SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

On Monday to commence with **INGOMAR**, in which Mr. JAMES ANDERSON and MISS ELSWORTHY will appear. On Tuesday, **OTHELLO**. Othello, Herr Nodden, the German Shaksperian Reader. On Wednesday, the **LADY OF LYONS**. Claude, Mr. James Anderson. The Grand Gorgeous Pantomime, called **GEORGEY PORGEY PUT IN A PIE**, will be produced on Boxing Morning at half-past Twelve, and at half-past Six in the Evening.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*There's an Isle in the West*" is declined with thanks.

E. SHARP.—It is against our rule to interfere with local disputes.

MR. JAMES WIGNEY, of Huddersfield, had better forward the letter signed "FAIR PLAY" (with a history of the highly interesting facts which led to the production of that masterly piece) to Punch. It is not suited to our columns, although, doubtless, an epistle of some water.

E. I.—We cannot find room for the article. Its substance, however, has been transmitted to us by a correspondent.

J. G.—The verses on the "Leviathan" are respectfully declined.

G. F.—Received the sonata.

DEATHS.

HERR KENIG, the celebrated performer on the cornet-à-pistons, in Paris lately.

M. CASTIL-BLAZE, the well-known musical *littérateur*, a few days since, at his residence in Paris, aged 74.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19TH, 1857.

Elijah, or rather a part of *Elijah* (the first part), has passed the ordeal of Parisian criticism, and, as sincere admirers of Mendelssohn's genius, we cannot refrain from expressing our deep satisfaction at the knowledge of this result. At all events, half of *Elijah* may now, without danger, be cited, by universal Europe, among the classics of music. Paris has proclaimed it; and we have some right to cherish the hope that the remaining half, when brought before that dread tribunal, may be equally fortunate.

A perusal of the French papers which record the event has thrown us into an ecstasy. *Beati sumus!* True, some of the critics divide their admiration between the "Triple

Clavier" of M. Alexandre (with the triple clavier playing of M. Daussoigne Méhul), and the oratorio of Mendelssohn. But that is germane to the national character. *Elijah* was the pill, and the new invention of M. Alexandre the sugar, which concealed or modified the bitte flavour. You may see, in the midst of the glowing apostrophes of the *feuilletonistes*, an enthusiasm which is rather affected than real. Their descriptions of the music are warm, and, in many instances, graphic and correct; but even those who profess the greatest reverence for its beauties are prone to apologise to their readers for the unhappy drawback that it is not exactly French. How, indeed, these gentlemen reason with themselves, can everything and everybody be French?—which is a synonyme for perfect. M. Maurice Bourges himself, who translated the book into his extremely inharmonious vernacular, and was instrumental in bringing *Elijah* before his countrymen, is compelled by insinuation to whisper "Peccavi"—as though he had transgressed against the laws of decorum. This enthusiast recommends, in the last issue of the *Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*, the curtailment of the recitatives, as follows:—

"In future auditions, which M. Pasdeloup, faithful to his mission will necessarily provide, we recommend him to suppress a portion of the recitatives, which become useless, since the comments of the programme replace them." (!)

If M. Bourges can point out one single recitative throughout the whole of *Elijah* which is not absolutely essential to the plan of the work, the interest of the story, and the natural progress of the music, he must be a shrewder man than we take him for. Where, we should like to know, would he begin? Upon what number would he first lay profane hands? M. Bourges himself owns, in a paragraph where French conceit is displayed to admiration, that making the proposed curtailment would be throwing treasures into the shade:—

"The ruling virtue of Frenchmen is not the Germanic patience. Curtailments made with intelligence often decide a success which unimportant *longueurs* might compromise. Great riches have at times their danger. More accommodating than probably Mendelssohn would have been himself, it is necessary in his interest to know how to throw into the shade a part of his treasures. This will insure to what remains the privilege of shining without detriment, and attracting the eye by a more lively brilliancy."

M. Bourges is right in one conjecture. The composer of *Elijah* (the "austere biblical bard," as the *France Musicale* entitles him) would not have shown the least desire to accommodate the French "*dilettanti*," by mutilating his work. *Elijah* has experienced ten years of decided success without the aid of paste and scissors. M. Bourges, to suit his own taste and that of his compatriots, can easily, if he pleases, manufacture, by means of the process he recommends to M. Pasdeloup, an edition *sui generis*—a Parisian "*édition de luxe*," with the cuttings required to conciliate the absence of that "*patience germanique*" which is not the dominant virtue of "the metropolis of European civilisation." But he had best not send it to England, unless for the recreation of boarding-school misses. Perhaps, after all, M. Maurice Bourges, when suggesting so monstrous a piece of Vandalism, was ironical. Perhaps he merely intended to convey, through the medium of an amusing paradox, his real opinion of M. Pasdeloup, who not only pays Mendelssohn the ill compliment of splitting his oratorio into halves, but devotes the time that might have been so much more worthily filled up by the remaining part of *Elijah*, to a

* "*Par un plus vif éolat.*"

fantasia on the "Triple Clavier," and a second "meditation" (!) of M. Gounod—for chorus and orchestra—on that same unhappy prelude of Bach,* which had already been so curiously travestied, for violin, organ, and piano, by the composer of *Sappho* and the *Nonne Sanglante*. If such be the case, the translator of the text of *Elijah* has our entire sympathy; if not, we cannot rate him much higher than M. Pasdeloup, who makes the first part of *Elijah* the last clap-trap in an ordinary "concert-monstre."

WHEN, by dint of "entertaining" the public, an individual endowed with more than ordinary talent succeeds in putting laurels on his head and money in his pocket, the immediate result of his good fortune is the appearance of innumerable other individuals, endowed with less than ordinary talent, who resolutely set about the task of amusing the metropolis, and who surprised by a failure, attribute it to any cause rather than to their own deficiencies. Sometimes these bold hirers of rooms and halls vanish after a week's glimmer; sometimes two years of empty benches will elapse, before they are starved out of their strong-holds; sometimes, having signally broken down in one season, they vainly essay to lift themselves up in another. A very respectable octavo volume might be easily filled with the history of abortive "entertainments."

A man, blessed with an average allowance of modesty, would feel very diffident as to his chance of success in that species of speculation which goes by the name of "entertainment," in the language of the present day. The defects of one indifferent actor in an ordinary play may be counterbalanced by the talent of his associates; and the public, disgusted by an individual, may be amused by an "ensemble." But the "entertainer," who stands up unaided and alone, has not, if stupid, the slightest chance of sheltering his stupidity. In a theatre the eye of the spectator, if dissatisfied with one object, may at any rate wander to another, and thus something agreeable to look at, may be found at last; but in the hall of the "entertainer," every glance is concentrated on the one solitary figure. For every laugh, that one person is to be thanked; for every yawn, that one person is responsible. An abortive "entertainer" is not an unfortunate being who is to be pitied, but a nuisance to be execrated, by every well-regulated mind.

One would imagine that before he exposed himself to the chance of becoming a proper object of public hatred, a man would go through a severe course of self-examination. "What is there in me, what can I do, or what have I experienced, that people should pay money to hear me talk and sing for a couple of hours?" This question would be put to himself by every reasonable person before he began to hire rooms, erect platforms, and incur liabilities to a gas company, for the dread purpose of "entertaining;" and in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of one thousand, the answer, honestly given, would be the single word "nothing," if the disposition of the self-examiner was laconic. If he was of a loquacious turn, without diminution of honesty, he would expand this reply, thus:—"There is *nothing* in me; I can do *nothing*; I have experienced *nothing*, that people should pay money to hear me talk and sing for a couple of hours." The thousandth man who, after this rigid probing of his individual capabilities, could conscientiously make a different reply, would alone be justified in giving an "entertainment."

Nevertheless, if there is a vocation above all others at which a person destitute of talent jumps with avidity, it is the vocation of an "entertainer." Without the slightest vocal or histrionic qualification, without a modicum of native humour, without a particle of worldly experience, a man who would shrink from the foot-lights of a theatre will open a large room, establish a money-taker at the door, hang up a dozen bad pictures, and placing himself before the same, will think that while he utters a quantity of dreary twaddle, he is striving to gain a respectable existence. A man, indeed!—There are hosts of such men, who think that they have a right to be heard, and to receive money for being heard, simply because success in various branches of "entertainment" has been achieved by Mr. Albert Smith, Mr. Woodin, and Miss P. Horton. "Albert Smith has found entertaining a successful vocation, therefore, I shall seek my fortune by the same profession," is a most vile syllogism, both in matter and in form; but on the strength of this very reasoning has hall after hall been opened, failure after failure been risked and achieved, public after public been bored. A wise man would consider the success of another in a particular kind of amusement a strong reason for abstaining from that kind of amusement in the same locality. When a certain ground is occupied, and well occupied by a first comer, the next who attempts to gain a footing, even if blessed with equal talent, is sure to fail, barred by the right which priority of occupation will always confer. When the second or third comer is inferior in talent to the prior occupant, his very attempt is unpardonable.

We rejoice to perceive that the placards and other notifications of inferior "entertainments" are fast diminishing in number. When Mr. Albert Smith, having clambered to the top of Mont Blanc, attained, by one leap, the summit of popularity, the rush after a similarly elevated position was great indeed. But the fall of victim after victim on a path more slippery than is to be found in any Alpine region has at last forced wisdom into obtuse skulls, and the manifestations of folly heightened by vanity are less frequent than they were a few years ago.

Mr. Albert Smith, as the accomplished man of the world and traveller; Mr. Woodin, as an artist, who can affect the most startling changes of character with inconceivable rapidity; Miss P. Horton, as the versatile comic actress and charming vocalist; Mr. Pepper (of the Polytechnic), whose copiously illustrated lecture on the Coal-mine is as "entertaining" (in the modern sense) as it is instructive,—surely these do enough, in very distinct classes of entertainment, to render any attempt at competition hazardous to a most desperate degree.

We have no desire to check the spirit of noble emulation; we only desire a little self-knowledge on the part of those who emulate.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—The *Guide Musical* and the *Indépendance Belge* (the two great journalistic authorities in the crooked little capital of Belgium) have both replied to the letter of a correspondent signed "An English Amateur," which convicted the latter of having given currency to a series of lies. I can understand that the *Indépendance Belge* finds a reasonable *quid pro quo* for the publication of endless lies with regard to politics, home and foreign; and that the anecdote about the grandson of the King of Delhi, stuck upon a bayonet, and carried about the city by the English soldiers, was

* In C—No. 1 of the *Clavier bien Tempéré*.

quite as palatable to its readers in the "Mille Colonnes"* as to its Muscovite paymasters. I can also understand that the *Guide Musical*, its formidable rival in veracity and "intelligence," may have inserted the calumnies against M. Jullien for the sake of securing the *abonnemens* of the dismissed orchestralists. But why the two journals—"Arcades ambo"—should expose themselves to contumely by attempting to make their case good, I am at a loss to imagine. The reply of the *Guide Musical* is very "small;" and that of the *Indépendance Belge* is just as "lame." But the last contains one singularly weak point. The Flemish writer insinuates that "An English Amateur," having seen one small Belgian in his travels ("un Belge de taille exiguë"), supposes everything in Belgium to be small; and retorts with great pomp:—"What would he say if a stranger, having encountered on the Continent one lame Englishman, should conclude that everything in England was lame—men and beasts?" I never saw any of the editors of the *Indépendance Belge*; but, if I may be allowed to take into account the configuration of the City of Brussels—where, to walk a hundred yards, you must scramble up one side of a hillock† and tumble down the other—it is reasonable to surmise that either all of them are more or less "boiteux," or that their legs must be fashioned of a stuff as impenetrable as Russian hides and their own heads. For my part I do not remember an Englishman, or a Frenchman, or a German, or a Dutchman (I can recall a Russian or two) of my acquaintance, who ever returned to London, after a short sojourn in Brussels, without halting more or less for a month. At any rate to have corns in Brussels is as common as to have wens in certain of the valleys of Switzerland. Voltaire would have called it *une ville de cors et cornichons*. The simple affliction of lameness, however, is nothing to that of the "Belgian Lion" at Waterloo. A peaceable biped, with even a wooden leg, is surely less to be pitied than a ferocious quadruped so horribly mutilated.

AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

Ghent. *Café des Cent milles Ours*.

* Like everything else Belgian, this *café* involves a braggadocio. Without a single "column" to ornament it, it is called "The Café of 1000 Columns."

† The hills in Belgium are all hillocks.

MADAME VIARDOT is gone to Warsaw, in which capital she has received an engagement for the season.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY is engaged as Acting Manager to the Pyne and Harrison company, and leaves for Hull next Tuesday. It would be difficult—perhaps impossible—to find a gentleman so well qualified for the post as Mr. Edward Murray.

MR. AGUILAR'S THIRD SOIRÉE MUSICALE, on Tuesday, was devoted to the annual "exposition" of his pupils, all of whom acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of their instructor, and to the gratification of a numerous audience. These annual "gatherings" cause emulation among pupils, and give those who are indolent a strong motive for study, since they are naturally anxious to "shine" before their parents and friends. The following programme was gone through, names of classical composers being predominant:—

Prelude and Fugue, J. S. Bach; Dix-sept Variations Sérieuses, Mendelssohn; Nocturne, Chopin; Lieder ohne Worte, Mendelssohn; Rondo, Mozart; Rondo Brillant, C. M. Von Weber; Thème Russe Varié, Ascher; La Sevillana, Ascher; Barcarolle from Verdi's "Les Vêpres Siciliennes," Rosellen; "L'Elisir d'Amore," Thalberg; Tyrolean melody, Voss; Pastorale, Ravina; Fantasia on "Lucia di Lammermoor," Prudent; Chant des Sirènes, Aguilar; Danse des Lutins, Grand Marche de Concert, Wollenhaupt.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

THE Beethoven Night, on Saturday, attracted one of the most crowded audiences of the season, and the performances afforded as much delight as those devoted to Mendelssohn and Mozart, which were described a week since. The programme was rich in interest, including what musical authorities consider the finest overture, the finest concerto, and the finest symphony of the master—besides two of his most beautiful chamber-songs, and a violin concerto, the only one he composed for the instrument. The overture entitled *Leonora*—the longest and grandest of the four which the not-easily satisfied Beethoven wrote for his opera of *Fidelio*—opened the concert, and the glorious symphony in C minor brought it to a termination. The beginning and the end were worthy of each other; the execution was first-rate, and both works were unanimously appreciated and applauded. The wind instruments added in the last movement of the symphony (a practice which seems at variance with the taste and judgment that first instituted these exceptional concerts) were superfluous. Extra noise is only to be excused when the object is to conceal a normal weakness; but here there was nothing of the kind. So admirable a performance might have easily dispensed with artificial and obstreperous auxiliaries. When the name of "Beethoven" is placed at the head of the bills, his music should be given precisely as he composed it, and any infringement of his original design religiously avoided.

The pianoforte concerto in E flat—the most magnificent extant—was heard with rapture. This composition offers a triumphant proof of Beethoven's genius. It contains melody, and of the rarest, out of which a whole opera might be constructed. Each movement is a poem—the first being as grand, and the last as vivacious as the second is divinely expressive. No single piece of music, of any form, for any combination of voices or instruments, has surpassed, in sustained excellence, this truly astonishing work, which unites, with perfect and exquisite art, strength, majesty, and simplicity. It has been styled, and with aptness, the "leviathan of concertos." The contrast, incessantly presented, of tune which might ravish an infant, with effects the most startling, unexpected, and imposing, keeps the imagination of the hearer continually on the stretch; and yet not a single instance occurs in which the propriety of form is violated, or the evidence of spontaneous invention annulled. Entertaining such an opinion of this concerto, it is with the greater satisfaction that we are able to speak in terms of no less unqualified admiration with regard to the performance. As a "classical" pianist Miss Arabella Goddard has long been deservedly placed in the foremost rank; but on the present occasion she raised herself higher than ever in the estimation of connoisseurs—to say nothing of the extraordinary impression she created on the dense crowd that eagerly listened to the concerto from end to end, perfectly alive to its beauties, if not exactly able either to analyse them or their own sensations. On no previous occasion—and it is the more grateful to be able to say as much, the young pianist being an Englishwoman—do we remember a more faultless execution of Beethoven's most masterly and original work for the piano; and it was agreeable to find that the members of the orchestra (conducted by Mr. Willy, inspired by the genius of the principal performer, seconded her efforts with greater unanimity and success than customary. At the conclusion the audience testified their approbation in the most enthusiastic manner.

Mdlle. Jetty Treffz sang "Kenst du das Land," (the setting of a famous passage from Goethe, about which Beethoven was singularly conceited), and "Mit einen gemahlten Bande," another song of equal beauty, in her most simple and unaffected style; and the effect of the two compositions was farther enhanced by the pianoforte accompaniment, which on this occasion was undertaken by Miss Goddard.

Of the violin concerto we would rather say nothing; but justice to more than one English artist, who could have played it infinitely better, imposes upon us anything rather than the welcome task of protesting against M. Reményi's participation in music for which (although, performing it without book, he must have committed it to memory,) he has seemingly very little respect. We can remember nothing more farcical than M. Reményi's treat-

ment of Beethoven's pure and noble composition, from one end to the other.

The Beethoven selection was repeated on Monday. On Tuesday the third Mendelssohn Night came off. The programme was the same as at the second, with one exception; instead of the second pianoforte concerto Miss Goddard played the first—just as finely, and with quite as much success as the other. Last evening was to be a Weber Night. This evening brings the concerts to an end.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE first performance for the season of the *Messiah* was given yesterday week. The principal singers were Madame Rudersdorff, Mr. and Mrs. Lockey, and Mr. Weiss. The execution, as a matter of course, was first rate, the chorus being more familiar with Handel's oratorio than any other work in the repertory of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The new arrangements in the orchestra, made at the suggestion of Mr. Costa, having been completed by Mr. Maberly, the architect of Exeter Hall, appeared to answer most satisfactorily. The altos and trebles are now heard to greater advantage than formerly, these sections of the choir having been brought more prominently into the body of the hall.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

THE first Christmas performance of the *Messiah* by Mr. Hullah's Upper Singing School came off on Wednesday evening, and attracted a vast crowd to the Music Hall. The *Messiah* is more attractive at Christmas than at any other time, since many look upon it as a part of their religious duty to hear Handel's oratorio in or about Holy Week. On the present occasion, however, the attraction was not exclusively the *Messiah*. The advent of a new singer, and the name of "Kemble," had excited unusual curiosity.

That Miss Kemble should have chosen the *Messiah* for her first public essay is perhaps to be regretted, since no natural gifts can atone for the want of self-possession, and no young beginner ever yet faced a large audience without being nervous. A less ambitious flight would have been a more prudent one. "Rejoice greatly," and "I know that my Redeemer," in different styles, demand the highest vocal acquirements, and an equal command of style, method, and execution. It says a great deal, however, for the *débutante*, that, in spite of extreme nervousness, everybody was enabled to recognise the signs of innate powers. Moreover, the air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," was a wonderful improvement on "Rejoice greatly," and the preceding recitatives. The long interval that occurred between the two gave Miss Kemble time to collect herself, and to show that, to a soprano voice of power and telling quality, she united exaggerated expression and, that most valuable quality in a singer, truth of intonation. The audience were most encouraging, and bestowed the heartiest applause on everything she did, successful or unsuccessful.

The other soloists were Miss Messent, Miss Palmer, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Thomas. Miss Messent, who shared the soprano music with Miss Kemble, sang with artistic care, and was loudly applauded in the air, "But thou did'st not leave his soul," which was her best effort. Miss Palmer was most effective in "He was despised," to which she judiciously restored the second and finest part, so frequently omitted. Both the basses sang well, Mr. Santley's fine voice and Mr. Thomas's vigorous style and admirable delivery producing their accustomed effect. Mr. Montem Smith sang the tenor music in a highly creditable manner.

By the way, Mr. Hullah gives a peculiar version of the *Messiah* of which we can hardly approve. Against the restoration of those pieces which intervene between "The trumpet shall sound" and "Worthy is the Lamb" nothing can be said; but the substitution of Handel's first and feeblest version of "How beautiful are the feet" (a duet with chorus) for his last and best (the *soprano solo*) cannot we hope be intended as a precedent, any more than the omission of the very grand contralto air, "But who may abide," and the magnificent chorus "And he shall purify the sons of Levi."

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

SELDOM has any art society achieved more reputation than the amateur choir, under the direction of Mr. Henry Leslie, in the brief space of three years. Such progress can have been effected only by zeal and perseverance on the part of the executors, with talent and experience on the part of the conductor. Mr. Henry Leslie has been fortunate in finding such capital voices and such eager disciples. That England is not behind in the possession of choral singers is notorious. The great Handel Festival went far to dissipate the belief among foreigners that this country had no great musical resources, and that our love of music was a fashion or an affectation. Whoever attended the first concert of Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir must have felt convinced that something else than fashion or affectation actuated the crowd assembled to listen. The spread of good music is one of the most remarkable features in the history of modern art. The Sacred Harmonic Society set a grand example; and now every provincial town of the slightest importance has its choral society, and some of the principal cities have several. Should London, then, which comprehends a dozen large cities, be content with less than a dozen efficient choral societies? We think not. Mr. Hullah, Mr. Henry Leslie, and Mr. Benedict, have helped to supply the want; and there is ample room for them and others yet to found an establishment and secure a public.

The programme of Mr. Leslie's first concert was published in our last. Handel's *Funeral Anthem* has not been given entire since the death of its composer—at least we believe so. It was written for the funeral of Queen Caroline, Consort of George the Second, in 1737, and a selection from it was last performed in public on the occasion of the Duke of Wellington's funeral, as part of the burial service in St. Paul's Cathedral. It is highly impressive throughout, and although it does not betoken the lofty inspiration of *Israel in Egypt* and the *Messiah*, it more than once reaches the true sublime, and is everywhere solemn, reverential, and pathetic. It is, however, questionable whether such a work, intended merely as a tribute to the dead, should be produced on ordinary occasions, and before a multitude unprepared for such solemn displays. The execution on the whole was admirable. The opening chorus, "How ways of Zion," with the fugue on the words, "She put on righteousness," was a severe test for the singers, who, nevertheless, passed through the ordeal triumphantly, and delighted all who heard them. The quartet and chorus, "Their bodies are buried in peace," in which Handel's brightest genius declares itself unmistakably, was a splendid performance. Indeed, it was evident throughout that the greatest pains had been taken with the anthem, and every one felt assured that the conductor, the band, and chorus, had their hearts in the task.

Among the miscellaneous pieces, Mr. Henry Smart's exquisite part-song—enthusiastically encored—and Mr. Henry Leslie's part song—one of his best, which was also redemanded with great applause—were novelties, and both were eminently successful. One of the most perfect performances of the evening was the characteristic Turkish drinking song of Mendelssohn, which created a *furor*, and was repeated as a matter of course.

At the next concert (in St. Martin's Hall), Miss Arabella Goddard will play a prelude and fugue in a minor of Bach (not from the famous "48"), which are very little known.

LEEDS.—(From a Correspondent).—At the People's Concert, last Saturday, Mrs. Sunderland, Mr. Henry Phillips, and a chorus of sixty voices, performed a variety of songs, glees, part-songs, and choruses, in a highly creditable manner. Mr. Phillips was encored in every piece he sang, including "The Arethusa," "The Groves of Blarney," "Haste thee, nymph." The concert was very successful.

EAGLE HOUSE, ECCLESHALL.—Under the superintendence of Mr. A. A. Evans, professor of music, and teacher in the above school, on Thursday, December 10th, a private concert was given by the pupils in the school, and passed off with great *éclat*. The proficiency of the pupils was generally remarked.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

At the second concert, which was attended by a very large audience, the full pieces were a symphony by Mozart (in E flat), overtures by Rossini and Auber, and a selection from *Robert le Diable*. A Mr. W. H. Millais, with a tenor voice of agreeable quality, and Miss Leffler, were the singers. The gentleman won considerable favour in Donizetti's "Seul sur la terre."

The performance, however, which merited particular notice was that of Mademoiselle "Angelina," on the pianoforte. This young lady may be styled "the pet" of the amateurs, who are as justly proud of her talents as many a professor of name and standing would have reason to be jealous of them. Whenever she appears the concert is regarded as the most attractive of the season. On the present occasion she selected one of Mendelssohn's best pieces—the *Serenade and Allegro Gioioso*—a work not less difficult to execute than original and beautiful. It was played with Mademoiselle Angelina's accustomed brilliancy and success. The *Serenade*, which is plaintive in character, was given throughout with charming and unaffected sentiment; while the *Rondo Gioioso* displayed an equal amount of spirit and mechanical proficiency. The reading was everywhere artistic; and the vivacity, which is the prevalent characteristic of the *rondo*, was never once lost sight of. The amateur accompanists, under the control of Mdle. Angelina's vigorous mind and supple fingers, were compelled to be on the alert, and we have rarely heard them so uniformly careful and effective. The applause at the end was universally hearty for an audience so difficult to warm up to any degree of enthusiasm. Some disappointment was felt that Mdle. Angelina, who, perhaps, shines even more as a composer than as an executant, should not have indulged her admirers with a new pianoforte concerto. The impression produced by her first, two years since, at the concerts of the Amateur Musical Society, is still very generally remembered.—*Times*.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

(COMMUNICATED.)

THE Pantomime at this legitimate house is entitled *The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood: or, Harlequin and the Spiteful Fairy*, which will embrace all the incidents of the well-known story. The King and Queen that lived once, and who had been married many years without having any children—the beautiful baby that was at last born to them—the invitation to all the fairies to stand godmothers to the Princess at her christening—the unfortunate omission of neglecting to invite a Spiteful Old Fairy, who was supposed to be dead, or under the influence of some spell—the good gifts given to the young Princess by seven of her fairy godmothers—the arrival of the Spiteful Fairy, who throws the court into dismay, by declaring that when the Princess grew to be a young woman she would prick her hand with a spindle and die of the wound—the rejoinder of a friendly fairy, the principal godmother, that she would so arrange the matter that the Princess should not die, when wounded by the spindle, but only sleep a hundred years, at the end of which a king's son would come and wake her—the proclamation issued by the King abolishing the use of spindles throughout the land—the growing up of the Princess till she was sixteen—her arrival with her parents and the court at a summer palace—her slipping away from them and finding an old woman spinning—her trying to spin herself—her wounding her hand, as foretold, and falling to sleep for a hundred years—the Friendly Fairy causing a wood to grow up and inclose the palace, and the Princess sleeping for a century; and with her, to keep her company, all the maids of honour, gentlemen, officers, stewards, cooks, scullions, running footmen, guards, porters, pages, and valets—the passing away of the one hundred years, and a young Prince finding out the wood, while hunting, and penetrating into the palace—his waking the Sleeping Beauty, and all her attendants—the Princess and the Prince falling mutually in love at first sight, with the interference of the Spiteful Old Fairy, who vows to do her worst to destroy their happiness—the arrival of one of the fairy godmothers of the

Princess to protect her—the constancy of the Prince being tried by the Friendly Fairy becoming Columbine, and using all her arts and graces to turn him from the Princess—the Prince becoming Harlequin, and the Princess following him through the world—the Spiteful Old Fairy's resolve that the Prince and Princess shall not escape her—the changing herself into Pantaloon, and one of her familiars into Clown, with the final triumph of the Prince and Princess, who are made happy by the Friendly Fairy. The scenery of this fairy story will be painted by Mr. William Calcott, who has achieved so much fame in all the pantomimes produced at this house. Messrs. Morris and O'Connor give their aid to the scenes of the harlequinade. The Leclercq family have been expressly engaged for this Christmas entertainment, and will make their first appearance at the Haymarket. Louisa Leclercq (sister of the popular Carlotta) will sustain the character of the Sleeping Beauty, and appear throughout the harlequinade. Mr. Arthur Leclercq will be the Harlequin; Fanny Wright the Friendly Fairy and the Columbine; Mr. Mackay, Pantaloon; and Mr. Charles Leclercq the Clown. To give due effect to the mechanical changes, Mr. Buckstone has leased some large premises adjoining the Haymarket, formerly known as Lang's Shooting Gallery, and which will now become a portion of the theatre. The alteration in the prices of admission having caused so much satisfaction to the public, to give more accommodation to the frequenters of the lower-gallery on and after Boxing-night the upper-gallery will be abolished, and the entire space converted into one spacious gallery. The access from the pit to the upper-boxes will from that night be so arranged that stairs from the lobby of the pit will be constructed to admit the audience at once to the upper-boxes who may wish to go there. It is also determined that in the scenes of the harlequinade the system of making them the medium of advertisements will be utterly discontinued.

STRAND THEATRE.—An amateur performance of the *Lady of Lyons* took place on Thursday. Captain Horton Rhys, as Claude Melnotte, was very successful. All the other characters were well played, especially that of Gaspar, by Mr. Fairlie Wilkinson, whose dramatic talent made the part one of the most prominent in the piece.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE.—The Christmas bill of fare at this theatre is most seasonable. The title is *Georgy Porgy put in a Pie, or Harlequin Daddy Long Legs*. The scenery will include a gorgeous transformation scene—the temple of the hours, lands of delight and space, fairies of gold and silver tissue, Phoebus in the chariot of the sun, drawn by fiery horses. The harlequinade will consist of all the wits of the day, supported by first-rate pantomimists, including Mr. W. Smith as Harlequin; Messrs. Driver and Harry Endershon as Clowns; Pantaloon, Mr. H. Bird; Sprites, Messrs. Juan and Felix Carlo; and Columbine, Madlle. Ann Cushnie.

FAIR AND FOUL ILLUSIONS.—For once in the way, we are enabled to praise an advertising doctor, and we seize the opportunity of doing so with delighted avidity. Professor Wiljalba Frikell, describing himself as "Physician to their Majesties the Emperor and Empress of Russia," announces that "his new and original entertainment, performed without the aid of any Apparatus, entitled *Two Hours of Illusions*, will commence at eight, and terminate at ten o'clock." Here we have a physician candidly avowing that his professional practice consists in the production of illusions. How much more honest and reputable is such a physician than an M.D. who professes to cure diseases by means of homeopathic globules! Those illusions are merely harmless; but the illusions of Dr. Frikell are not only harmless, but amusing, and hence, probably, in some degree medicinal. Entertaining illusions are better cures for low spirits than quack medicines. These pretended specifics are illusions of the nature of Jack-o'-Lantern, and lead those who are deceived by them through long and dreary mazes into final grief. The patent medicine is the lantern; the advertiser of it is the Jack, or Knave, that goes about with his imposture under the patronage of the Government, whose stamp is a warrant to the British public that the rascal's good-for-nothing or pernicious compounds are genuine.—*Punch*.

BEETHOVEN'S CONCERTO IN E FLAT.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S performance of this grandest of pianoforte concertos, at M. Jullien's Concerts, on the Beethoven Night, constituted one of the most legitimate successes ever achieved by the young English pianist. *The Morning Post* speaks of it in language well worth quoting:—

"The best performance of the evening was Miss Arabella Goddard's execution of the stupendous pianoforte concerto in E flat, a work requiring so much vigour, both mental and physical, that few lady pianists have succeeded in conveying anything like an adequate idea of its beauties. Lightness, sweetness, grace, elegance, and tenderness are qualities in which our fair artists often excel; but such fulness of tone, breadth of style, and sustained elevation of sentiment as Miss Goddard exhibited in this concerto, we never met with before, except in the happiest efforts of our greatest male pianists. Chaste and grand was our gifted countrywoman's performance from the first note to the last—as free from coldness and stiffness as it was from affectation and exaggeration. A sufficiently long experience has taught us that whenever fine works are finely executed, they always delight even the uninitiated; and the enthusiastic applause conferred upon this long and difficult concerto—faithfully expressed, as it was, in every particular by Miss Goddard—furnished an additional and most striking proof that genuine art is generally felt and acknowledged."

The *Daily News* is equally complimentary, and dwells upon a peculiar quality in Miss Goddard's playing, which, to refined ears, is one of its greatest charms:—

"It would be difficult for any one who did not actually hear it, to form an idea of Miss Goddard's execution of the pianoforte concerto (probably the grandest composition ever written for that instrument), and its effect on the audience. Such is the marvellous quality of this young lady's tone, that it seems to expand with the space in which it is heard. In the vast area of the opera-house it is as clearly audible as in a drawing-room. In its utmost *fortissimo* it is ever mellow; and in its softest inflexion, its faintest whisper, it penetrates to every corner of the place. On Saturday night she excelled herself. Her fire, her brilliancy, her tender sweetness, acted like magic on the immense multitude. They were hushed in the deepest silence, interrupted from time to time by bursts of delight and enthusiasm. While we have an Arabella Goddard, there is no need to go to Germany in search of pianists."

The *Morning Herald*—but let *The Morning Herald* speak for herself:—

"The most striking feature of the whole selection was the concerto in E flat, for pianoforte and orchestra—which is not only the *chef-d'œuvre* of Beethoven in this especial branch of composition, but the most noble and imposing work of its class that the art can boast. In the E flat concerto the composer may be considered to have achieved a double triumph, since he surpassed at a bound both his greatest predecessor and his greatest follower—Mozart and Mendelssohn, whose finest concertos (both, by the way, in D minor), though they indisputably approach nearer to it than anything else, cannot be said to equal this prodigious inspiration of Beethoven, which, in melody throughout Orphean, in wealth of ideas is just as much Shakspearian as in their artistic development it is Miltonian. To perform such a work, (which is mechanically as difficult as poetically it is transcendent) even with frigid correctness, demands the highest digital proficiency—to play it as Beethoven must have conceived it, is in the power of the most gifted only. A kindred spirit is indispensable—a sympathy such as Macready must have felt for Lear, and Jenny Lind for the divine melody of the *Zauberflöte*. Such a spirit, such a sympathy, must have reigned in the breast of our greatest and youngest English pianist, who could not otherwise have so thoroughly inter-penetrated the heart of the mighty Beethoven, nor otherwise have executed the brilliant and all but insurmountable passages in which the concerto abounds, with such unerring accuracy, such well-sustained ease and fluency, and still less imparted such intense and heartfelt sentiment, and such untutored grace to the *cantabile* themes, and, above all, to that slow movement in which the utmost limits of expressive music are reached—a movement in which the greatest master of large and speaking melody has absolutely surpassed himself. A performance more perfect as to mechanism, more thoroughly genuine, and at the same time spontaneous as to style, and more deep and intense as to appreciation and feeling, we have never heard. The highly-finished art of the pianist was united to the ardour of the fervid improvisatore, who, glowing with genial fire, pours out his soul without restraint, confident as a prophet in the text he is expounding. Such was Miss Arabella Goddard's playing. Almost all other

performers of rank invariably leave the impression that they are interpreting what has been set down for them; but Miss Arabella Goddard (who, indeed, deserves to be apostrophised as "Arabella," *tout court*, just as Giulia Grisi and Jenny Lind are familiarly styled by their world of admirers, "Giulia" and "Jenny," a prerogative of favour hard earned and well merited) produces a totally opposite effect. She plays—and she never more remarkably warranted the comparison than on the present occasion—just as if she were preluding "impromptu," so naturally and spontaneously do the notes and phrases flow from her unfailing and still delicate fingers—a St. Cecilia at the organ in a moment of inspiration. Look to those "pearly" (the word approved)—those "pearly" scales! What art, what study, what practical application can have achieved such unparalleled perfection? Art, nor study, nor practice, can have accomplished it; nothing, in short, but genius. And then such phrasing, so expressive, so touching, and so unaffected withal, from which your soprano, your alto, and your tenor, however eminent and experienced, would do well to take a lesson. Lastly, the power of graduating tone—the greatest secret of executive art, no matter what the instrument—is possessed by Miss Arabella Goddard to a degree so marvellous that we can only, in the course of a long experience, recall two parallels—one immature, Charles Filtch, who died at the early age of fourteen; the other mature, Felix Mendelssohn, not only the greatest pianist, but the greatest master of any instrument to whom the present century has given birth. What wonder, all these combined perfections united to Beethoven's inspired music, that an effect should have been produced almost unprecedented even at the concerts of M. Jullien, where honest enthusiasm is so much more frequently demonstrated than pedantic criticism. We can no sooner forget the manifestations of delight exhibited throughout by the audience than the magical talent that created it."

The best part of the whole, however, is, that this very high and unqualified praise was amply merited, since on no occasion has Miss Goddard exhibited her admirable talents to greater advantage.

TORQUAY—(From a Correspondent).—The first of Mr. Fowler's series of classical pianoforte recitals took place in the Assembly Rooms before a full attendance. The programme being so opposite to any that are generally given in a provincial town, deserves to be quoted:—

PART I.—Sonata, Op. 23, piano and violin, Beethoven; Grand Sonata *Appassionata*, Beethoven; Song, "Der Wanderer," Schubert; Concerto in G minor, with accompaniments, Mendelssohn; Duets (Messrs. Arnold and Hexter), Mendelssohn.

PART II.—Grand Sonata, Op. 47, piano and violin, Beethoven; "Harmonious Blacksmith," Handel; "Concert Stück," with accompaniments, Weber; Song, "The Bird and the Maiden," Mr. Arnold, Spohr; Recollections of Ireland, Fantaisie, with accompaniments, Moscheles.

The services of the Messrs. Rice, of Exeter, as first and second violins, and of Mr. Pinnie as violoncellist, were secured. Messrs. Arnold and Hexter were the vocalists. Mr. Fowler deserves success in his endeavour to introduce to his patrons the music of the great masters; but how was it the name of Mozart did not occupy a place in the programme!

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